

THE CHARLES DICKENS.

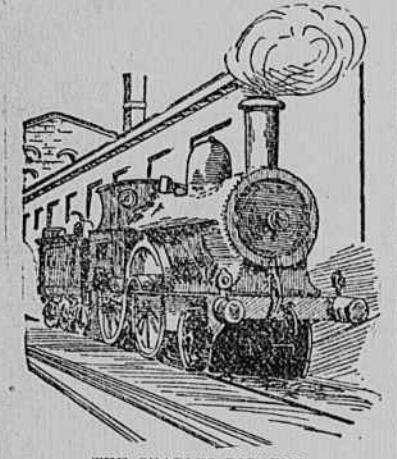
An English Locomotive That Has Quite a History.

A Short Time Ago It Completed Its Month Mile—The Amount of Coal It Consumed—Features of English Railroading.

The London & Northwestern Railway Company's engine "Charles Dickens," built at the company's works, Crewe, in February, 1882, or rather over nine years of age, completed her month mile a short time ago. During this period, she has run the London & Northwestern Railway, says the London Pall Mall Budget, she has been running daily between Manchester and London (Sundays excepted), covering the journey in four and a quarter hours, a distance of 183½ miles. Timed to leave Manchester at 8:30 a. m., she calls at Stockport, Stoke, Rugby, Blisworth and Willesden, finally arriving at Euston at 12:45. Having discharged her valuable cargo, she is conveyed to the shed at Camden, there to be cleaned, coaled, oiled and thoroughly overhauled ready for the return journey.

Returning from Euston at 4 o'clock p. m., she calls at the same stations, with the exception of Blisworth, a call at Lichfield being made in lieu. Arriving at Manchester at 8:15, she completes a hard day's run of 367 miles, apparently none the worse and greatly to the credit of her engineer. Two drivers, with their stokers, are provided for this engine, working the journey upon alternate days, the strain upon one man day after day being considered too much. A driver named Mills has been running with the engine since the commencement, but his fellow driver filled the place of one now dead.

The "Charles Dickens" is a fine powerful-looking engine, apparently now as fit for the express service as she was half a dozen years ago. Of course, since she was first launched into the world many improvements have taken place and new types of engines been built,



THE CHARLES DICKENS.

but, in face of all this, she still holds her own upon the iron road, demanding some amount of praise when you come to consider the thousands of valuable lives she has safely conveyed between the two great cities without the slightest mishap. In construction this engine is typical of many running upon the same system, being what is generally known in engineering phraseology as a six feet six inch wheel, coupled passenger engine; in length about fifty feet, and weighing about thirty-three tons, with an additional twenty-five tons for the tender, which is constructed to carry about eighteen hundred gallons of water.

The amount of coal consumed averages some 30 lb. per mile, causing a loss of 240 lb. of water, equivalent to 24 gallons, which is thrown off in steam. This being the case, it is necessary to take in fresh supplies upon the journey. For this purpose long semicircular troughs have been placed between the rails, which enable the driver to lower a kind of scoop into the trough, which is always filled with water. The rate at which the engine is traveling forces the water up by the aid of the scoop into the engine tank, thereby saving an immense amount of time, trouble and inconvenience over the old method of stopping the train to take in water. Up to quite recently the London & Northwestern was the only railway that worked upon this system. These water troughs are about 500 yards long, and there are three sets between London and Manchester, one between Pinner and Bushey, another between Castlethorpe and Bletchley, and the third between Tamworth and Lichfield. An engine of this description, starting out with her tank fully charged with water, would probably run with safety fifty miles before replenishing. The average load is about nine or ten carriages, and her highest speed has been known to attain seventy miles an hour when the road is exceptionally favorable; but her average speed would be about forty-five miles an hour. In conclusion, it may not be out of place to remark that the same railway consumes some three thousand tons of coal daily for its two thousand five hundred engines, while twenty thousand tons of water are boiled every day and converted into steam.

Spurgeon's Little Frank. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon used to be very fond of puzzling his friends with words which have a double meaning. One Thursday evening, after the usual weekly service, he thus addressed his deacons: "Brethren, I think it is much too bad that not a single deacon followed me on the platform in time for the service this evening." The deacons at once began to exonerate themselves. One said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I opened the door for you to go down to the rostrum and at once followed you," and several others stated that they were close behind the first speaker. Here was a dilemma, the beloved and highly respected pastor saying one thing and the faithful and devoted deacons stating just the contrary. After a few minutes' silence the pastor, with a smile brightening his homely countenance, replied: "I am right in saying not a single deacon followed me, as you are all married."

FAMILIAR TO MOTHERS.

What the Little Darlings Say Just Before the Eyelids Droop.

"That's only blood off'n my second little toe."

"And that?"

"Jus' where I slud off'n the barn."

"And this?"

"Dirt."

He is four years old. His mother was getting him ready for bed. He had blue, and black, and brown bruises all over him. She bathed him and put on his nightgown. He said his prayers. Then he clambered into the chair opposite her. The expression was one of angelic pensiveness.

"Mamma."

"Yes."

"Will you give me a pencil and paper?"

"What do you want them for?"

This was the leading question. He evaded it.

"How," he asked, "do you spell Omaha?"

She told him.

"How do you spell policeman?"

She told him that, too.

"How do you spell Ora Green and Elihu Green?"

He was answered.

"Can you spell Tommy Benjamin?"

She could, and did.

He was silent. He propped his pink chin in his pink palm and thought the matter over. Finally he drew a long breath and straightened up.

"I fought if I had a piece of paper an' a pencil and I knowed how to spell every word I would write to Omaha for a policeman to come an' rest Ora Green, an' Elihu Green, an' Tommy Benjamin for frowin' stones at me an' sayin':

Go whizz! Staggering bat, Criss-cross, caraway rat!"

The patient mother insisted on an adjournment. When he was in bed and his small sister in her cot on the other side of the room he said:

"Mamma, are we all made out of dirt?"

"Adam was," she hedged.

"O," cried the wee girl excitedly,

"Jay says God made 'till dirls out of dirt, an' den he 'pit on them! Did he," in righteous wrath, "pit on dem, mamma?"

Evidently the latter possible fact was more galling than that of construction from clay. "No one knows exactly how God makes anything."

"Can he see in here?" queried Jim.

"Yes."

"If 'twas an iron house, could he?"

"Yes."

"If 'twas an iron house, wifout any windows, could he?"

"Yes. Now go to sleep."

Piped the little maid: "Does God make cows?"

"Yes. Now hush!"

"How does he make cows, mamma?"

This the mother was deliberating when Jim spoke.

"Cows!" scornfully. "Cows! God don't make cows. God makes calves, and they grow into cows! Don't they, mamma?"

"Yes. Do shut your eyes, both of you, and go to sleep!"

Fifteen minutes passed. Surely she was safe. Surely she might steal down stairs. She rose noiselessly and sneaked to the door.

"Mamma!" murmured a drowsy voice.

"Well?"

"How—does—he make—the calves?"

—Chicago Tribune.

WORK IN LONDON SLUMS.

John Lawies Tells of the Way Evangelization Is Carried On.

John Lawies, a member of the Royal Statistical society and of the Royal Colonial institute of London, who has devoted the greater part of his life to bettering the conditions of the poor in the English capital, delivered an interesting address at the First Methodist church of Evanston on "The Methods of Christian Work." "The population of the poorer parts of London is a floating one. From twenty-five to forty per cent. of the inhabitants migrate each year. This makes the mission work perpetual. The East End is divided into districts, with one clergyman at the head of the work, who has his corps of assistants. Each district has either a church or rooms used as a mission station. In some cases these churches are fitted up with gymnastic appliances, lodging apartments, kitchen and reading-rooms, besides the audience-room. In Spitalfields and Whitechapel, where the most desperate classes exist, magic lantern entertainments on scriptural subjects illustrating various Bible scenes are given in order to attract the people. Working people's conferences are held regularly in every district, at which subjects are discussed pertaining to the welfare of the masses. On Sunday afternoons lectures are given by able men. Special boys' clubs are formed and much attention given to athletics, as well as instruction in Bible classes. The aim of the whole work is to blend the secular with the religious instruction. Nurses are employed, who provide food for the sick and attend to their wants. The uplifting influence of the personal association with these people is a powerful factor in the amelioration of their wretched condition."—Chicago Herald.

—Urban Ignorance.—Mrs. Hayfork (who had summer boarders)—"Yes, Mrs. Hayseed, the ignorance of city folks about country life is just amusin'. Ye know I had two families from New York this season." Mrs. Hayseed—"Yes, I seed 'em gallivantin' around." Mrs. Hayfork—"Well, it's an actual fact them people brought tooth-brushes with 'em, just as if we was such savages out here as not to have such a simple thing as a tooth-brush in the house."—Demorest's Magazine.

—For oyster macaroni, wash and boil one-fourth pound of macaroni; when done line a baking dish with it, then add a layer of bread crumbs seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, next a layer of oysters and again macaroni and oysters, letting the last layer be of bread crumbs. Pour on one glass of milk and place in the oven.—N. Y. World.

Arithmetic and Dresses.

Teacher—If your mother had twenty-five yards of stuff, and made a dress requiring but eighteen yards, how much would she have left?

Little Girl—Mamma can't make her own dresses. She has tried often, and they are always either too—

Teacher—Suppose she sent it to a dressmaker, how much would the dressmaker send back?

Little Girl—Depends on which dressmaker she sent it to. Some wouldn't send back any.

Teacher (impatiently)—Suppose she sent it to an honest one?

Little Girl—Some of the honestest ones cut things to waste so that there is never anything left, no matter how much you send 'em.—Good News.

Vengeance!

"And now," whispered the dying wife, "when I am gone, John, dear, don't grieve at my loss, but get married again, for the children need some one to look after them, and—"

"O, don't. May, don't!" pleaded the sorrowful husband, "don't speak of it!"

"But I must," said she. "And if you get married, marry Miss Mayberry."

"I will, May, if you think she would make me a good wife."

"That's not it," she said, and her breath came fast and faint, "but when she won the prize for making the best bread, I swore I'd get even with her and make her life unhappy, and—and you can do it, John!"—Boston News.

Not That Kind of a Relief.

The widow of a distinguished professor was visited by a rather shabby-looking sort of a gentleman, who expressed great admiration for her deceased husband and who finally said:

"I revere the memory of your husband, and would like very much to have some relic to keep and cherish."

"The only relic I can offer you," replied the disconsolate widow, sighing heavily, "is myself. If you will love and cherish me for his sake you may, for I am of an affectionate disposition and—"

But the relic hunter had silently stolen away before she could finish the sentence.—Texas Siftings.

He Didn't Lie.

Father—Look here, young man, give an account of yourself. What kept you out so late last night?

Son—I was attending a class in ethnology, and of course I didn't want to leave till the session was over.

"What do you want to lie, for? I have positive knowledge that you were at the bicycle tournament. Good deal of ethnology about that, eh?"

"Certainly. That comes under the head of 'the races of man,' don't it?"—Boston Courier.

HOW HE GOT IT.

Famished Finnegan (politely)—Young lady, would you please ax yer mother if she can't give a poor man a bit of cold luncheon?

Miss Witherup (aged thirty-eight)—Sit right down here, poor fellow! I'll get you some myself.—Judge.

A Give-Away.

Judge—Officer, you say this woman, when locked up, was dressed in men's attire?

Officer—Yes, sir; but I didn't suspect her sex until this morning, when she was buttoning her shoes.

Judge—How did you detect it then?

Officer—She asked me for a hairpin!—Puck.

Dressed in Style.

Western Stage Robber—Hold up y'r hands!

Scared Passengers—Yes, yes, yes, of course.

Robber (gallantly)—Beg parding, lady; you needn't hold yours up. Put 'em down again.

Lady—My hands are not up. Those are my shoulder puffs.—N. Y. Weekly

Right, After All.

Codling—Look here, Mawler, you pretend to be a realistic painter and yet in this picture you have a stream in oil colors instead of putting it in water colors.

Mawler—That's all right, Codling. The stream in that picture is Oil creek, in Venango county, Pa.—Brooklyn Life.

In the Snake Ward.

Dr. Burridge—How do you feel this morning?

Snoozer (the tramp)—Pretty comfortable, doc; but I wish you'd let science have a rap at me.

Dr. Burridge—How?

Snoozer—Jest try that oppyration fer th' transfusion of beer.—Judge.

Horizontal Longevity.

"Are boa-constrictors remarkable for longevity?"

"Indeed they are. Some of them grow to be thirty or forty feet long."—Brooklyn Life.

"Comrades! Comrades!"

"Comrades! Comrades!"—he sang in the even tide.

The lights were low—I dealt him a blow, And "he died right by my side."—Puck.

Faithful Unto Death.

She—Has she treated you falsely and broken off the engagement?

He—No; that's the trouble. She keeps her engagements—all of them, you know.—Judge.

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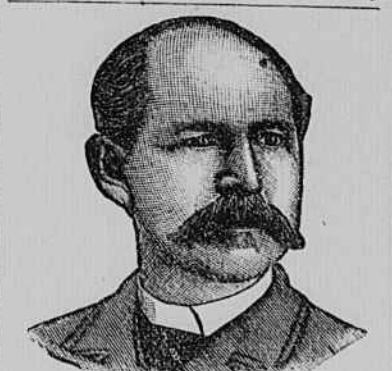


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